

## Prometheus Unbound

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Summary: "You know, they say soul meets soul on lovers' lips."

Sebastian intoned smoothly, voice like warm caramel as he contentedly watched his young master choke on his tea./ Ciel Phantomhive has a reflective - and literary - session with his butler, Sebastian.

## Prometheus Unbound

"You know, they say soul meets soul on lovers' lips." Sebastian intoned smoothly, voice like warm caramel as he contentedly watched his young master choke on his tea.

"What on earth are you going on about?" The Earl of Phantomhive managed, half forcing his drink of bergamot and black spice down his throat. "Has your mind finally decayed after all these centuries? Are you now incapable of controlling tongue and speech?"

"I assure you, young master, my mouth and all its talents have been well preserved throughout the eons. I was merely quoting from text." He gave a smile that was all at once placid and extreme.

Ciel disliked it.

"Hn." He sneered. "I order that you not make anymore of these foolish quotations until you are alone in all your singularity. I don't have the time or patience to listen to these ridiculous ramblings."

"Ah, I take it you are not fond of Mr. Shelley are you?" Ciel gave no response. "I myself have always enjoyed Shelley's imaginative methods. Forever a source of fascination to me and my kind."

"What is?"

"The will of man. Prometheus with his unyielding rod, conquering the dominance of Jupiter. Forever ingrained in the minds of mortal man as both hero and villain. Troublesome, isn't it?"

Ciel shuffled some papers around, bringing forth a proposed draft of Funtom's expansion into North America. "Only idealists fall to the front of romantic poetry, seeing the bestial depravity of man as something to be glorified and writ about."

\_Ah, there it was. \_Sebastian thought amusedly. His young master's stubbornness in all things; his hatred for the natural essence of man yet he, this crusader of paradise lost, was bound by obligation to protect the very people he despised. It was comical, really, and delighted the butler immensely whenever he could parallel his young master to the tragedies of literal text. It was just too much.

"You see very little of man worth protecting." It was not a question.

The pale pink lips of his young master thinned, his displeasure was now apparent. He laid down his fountain pen and reclined back in his chair, elbows on armrests and fingers interwoven below his chin. He glared at Sebastian with undisguised annoyance and a faint look of curiosity. "What is it you want to know?"

Sebastian bowed his head slightly, deferring to one's master with the respect only a true butler could give. "I apologize if I have come off as abrasive in any way, young master."

"Enough games Sebastian. I tire of this never ending masquerade." He sighed, revulsion simmering beneath the ice of his words.

The butler smirked. "Is there truly no other life in London you see worth saving?"

Ciel's eyes flicked up. His gaze was hard, forcefully penetrating through one's skin until it managed to claw at the bone beneath. But his butler was no mere mortal and the sight of the earl's glare did little to alleviate his apathetic tranquility. He watched his young master with a look that was halfway between distance and longing all at once.

The blue haired noble grew irritated rather quickly. "I see an influx of people who seem to care for a single familial unit; who desire peace and enough bread to feed their young. I cannot fault them for their indicative wants and exigencies, as we humans have been born to hold onto what we perceive as ours. The right of man is the preservation of his own life, wants, and needs. We are selfish by nature and wanting by nurture. Thrust unto this holy sacrament of conventionality are the rules of the higher power, ones we must follow lest chaos pervades and we all fall to hell." He gives a wry smile. "It would be a feast for you demons one final gorging before humanity is wiped out and you are all left to starve as each and every life perishes. Kill by kill, blow by blow. We cannot exist forever."

Sebastian raises a brow.

"We want nothing to do with others unless we want something from them. But we are arrogant enough to try and fight for the lives of those closest to us. It amazes me sometimes," Ciel mused vaguely, "how we think that those we love will be spared from calamity. But every child is cared for by a parent and every parent desired by a

spouse. All in all, there is so much selfish lunacy that we're all doomed to death someday."

"I suppose your Lady Elizabeth would fall into such a category as well?"

"She is an entirely different matter." Ciel returned evenly. "She is mineâ€"for how long, I cannot say but until the chessboard has been played, I shall protect Elizabeth for one reason and one reason only."

"Your selfishness knows no bounds." Sebastian murmured, immensely pleased by his young lord's answer. "How wonderfully chaotic you are, young masterâ€"a perpetual torrent trapped beneath the ice. You take care to submerge yourself so carefully, to coat every inch of your body in blood and avariceâ€"yet you are mercenary enough to force that one unbroken piece of your heart into the hands of the young lady. How terribly, foolishly \_\_\*\*human\*\*\_\_."

His master's lip quirks up; it is a smirk, not a smileâ€"for he has forgotten how to smile long ago. "Are you upset, Sebastian?"

"My lord?"

"To know that I shall never truly care for anyone." He fixed his singular blue gaze at his captor. "Not even you."

Sebastian smiled. "I know of no reason why you should not. We are to be together for quite some time." He bent down, lips centimeters from his earl's ear. "I have Chronos on my side. Months are all that is needed to persuade the heart otherwise. Perhapsâ€" Sebastian's voice took on a richer qualityâ€"one akin to dark chocolate and private sinâ€"

Ciel turned his head ever so slightly. "Do not hope for me, demon. There is nothing of the light I want."

He leaned in closer. "You would do well to remember your youth, young master. I would truly hate to see your blood spilled at too early a time, when the motion has just begun."

"I don't want your concern either."

"Ah but without my concern you would have been long dead."

"And without this seal you would still be stuck in your fruitless search for a worthy soul." He sneered. "You demons are just as proud as the humans you debase. Believe whatever fantasy you wantâ€"each demon is the same, born and bred for perdition and torment."

Sebastian chuckled. "How low you think of me. Perceiving my hunger as thoughtless dissolution when in reality, I have but one soul I desire and that is yours." He drew to his full height, placing his right hand to his chest, over the black chasm where his heart would have been. "I am ever at your service." He gave a short bow and turned to leave, about to head to the kitchen in preparation of his lord's supper.

"Sebastian."

The demon turned around with cool grace, countenance beautifully serene. "Yes my lord?"

"Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; love repulsedâ€"but still it returneth."

For a brief moment the butler was surprisedâ€"he had no knowledge that his lord ever read Shelley for pleasure but such news was not unwelcome. He smiled. "Then let me bid you with this, young master: good, great and joyous, beautiful and free; this is alone life, joy, empire, and victory." He bowed low. "I shall not fail you my lord. That you can rest true on."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Notes: <strong>

\_\*\*soul meets soul on lovers' lips\*\*\_\*\* comes from Percy Bysshe Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. \_It tells of Prometheus's escape from Jupiter's (Zeus's) eternal punishment after having given fire to humanity. Unlike most versions, Prometheus is able to escape Jupiter's wrath here after the Jovian king is abandoned by his supportive elements and, ultimately, falls from grace.\*\*

\_\*\*The right of man is the preservation of his own life\*\*\_\*\* is derived from Thomas Hobbes's Leviathan, a piece of political work that I'm sure Ciel would have studied. It reiterates how the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short and, in order to have peace, the whole of the country must be dominated by an authoritarian power of singular and absolute rule. [Hobbes's view is mainly due to the fact he lived through the English civil war and witnessed the decimation of the French monarchy/the Reign of Terror.] \*\*

\_\*\*truth be veiled...\*\*\_\*\*also Shelley.\*\*

\_\*\*good, great and joyous...\*\*\_\*\*also Shelley. \*\*

\*\*A/N: Feedback would be lovely. I've always found Ciel and Sebastian's dynamic to be quite interesting. \*\*

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